

LAURIE KRUK

Good-Enough Friday

April: snow's retreat: boots are flung
off, and kids reclaim
an emptied driveway—bikes, trikes,
roller blades—riding up and down
this winter-wrinkled island of return,
shrieking with every downward glide,
air newly-worn in naked hair.

And on the City news that night:
story of the five-year-old girl
thrown, in her snowsuit, from a bridge over the DVP*
by her deranged father, joint-custody weekend swap,
suicide note taunting the mother's answering machine.
More heavily, he followed
to meet the final answer of asphalt
while commuters roared past
two ragged bundles
and some braked for lives unknown,
caught between stations.

Though broken, the girl survived
to wake in hospital,
her small body less dense,
less married to gravity,

and the updrafts of anonymous cars—
angels of engines—slowed her descent
to a less final embrace by earth
and all it has evolved into,
two thousand years on:
the road that cuts through our lives
—pavement my daughters marked today
with rainbow chalk—
and returns us, mostly, home.

**The Don Valley Parkway in Toronto*